

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori;
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XL.

NOVEMBER, 1923

No. 11

Thanksgiving

I thank Thee, Lord, for all the favors showered
For all the graces shown life-long to me;
For every rose that on my pathway flowered
And all the thorns that grew—so sparingly.

I thank Thee for these eyes that Thou hast given
That I must not go groping, stumbling here;
That I may revel in the starry heaven
And see the lovelight glow on faces dear.

I thank Thee for these ears so rich in pleasures:
The voices of the summer dusk and dawn,—
The witchery of music's haunting treasures,—
And mother's lullaby in days long gone.

For strength and health when fevers might be burning,
For solace of sweet friends when illness came;
For joy in work—the joy of hope and yearning—
For rest and sleep to buoy the wearied frame.

For friendships warm and tender—strong and steady,—
Through years unchanged, though I have changed I know;—
That stay the years and make youth's currents eddy,
Bring back the thrill of love when fall winds blow;

For all the hours of prayer—Thy conversation
Like sunrise on the clouds of grief and care,
For Thy own self—Oh sweetest consolation—
Thyself—my cross, my toil, my joys to share;

For every cloud that had its silver lining,
For love's sunshine that gladdened every day,
For heaven's glory on my pathway shining
Through pearly gates that hope throws wide alway;

For all—for all—Thy grace so richly given
Let every throb of life—thy gift—proclaim
The glory of Thy love as high as heaven
The mightiness and sweetness of Thy Name.

Aug. T. Zeller, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

MATT CASSIDY ON THE KLAN

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

A pastor of souls might well be expected to take serious people seriously. Perhaps that is what Father Casey really did, but there has always been some doubt in the case where he sent Mrs. Prettyman and Mrs. Doe to Matt Cassidy to organize a campaign of enlightenment for the K. K. K.

That these good ladies, who had non-Catholic husbands and belonged to the upper crust, were serious, was beyond doubt—they were more than serious, they were panicky.

"The growth of the Klan is appalling," they said. "Even the best people are joining. Unless we placate them and convince them that Catholics have no intention of exercising control in matters political, they will become so powerful as to imperil the very existence of the Church in America!"

Now, Father Casey could not have been ignorant of the fact that Matt Cassidy had bossed the Third Ward from time immemorial. Yet to Matt Cassidy he directed them. Could the good priest have been serious?

Of course he had first made a genuine effort to quiet their fears, telling them that we must expect persecution—that Christ had foretold His true disciples would always be persecuted—that the Church has always weathered many a storm and come out more fresh and vigorous on each occasion—that Catholics are invariably better Catholics when they have something to suffer for their faith. But when the two worried women had refused to be comforted and had continued to insist on an "organization," he finally said: "Go to Matt Cassidy. If there's a man in the parish can handle an organization, it's he."

"Inlighten the K. K. K!" cried Cassidy, when, a few minutes later, Mrs. Prettyman and Mrs. Doe had laid their proposition before him. "Wud ye paint the lily, ma'am? Why the best brains av the countrry are in it, an' ye speake of inlightenment!"

"You would not say the K. K. K. have the best brains of the countrry!" expostulated Mrs. Prettyman.

"I wud that! An' what's more, I'll prove it! Which is betther, an'

ould used car-r, or wan that's fresh an' fine, just as it came from the facthry? 'Tis the same wid brains. That's why I continds that the br-rave Klansmin, who ar-re largely raycruited from the swamps av Mississippi an' the Bad Lands av Texas an' who have niver used their brains since the day they were born, have betther brains than the effete dwellers av the cities who have used their brains till they are almost wore out."

"They are perpetrating shocking atrocities!" said Mrs. Prettyman.

"Don't say that, ma'am! Don't say that av the organnysation which was founded for a noble ind by me bosom frind, Abie Einstein."

"The K. K. K. founded by a Jew!" ejaculated Mrs. Doe.

"No less," replied Cassidy. "Maybe you didn't hear the story. 'Twas shortly afther the gr-reat war, whin all the furriners an' sons av furriners were payin' up the instalments on their Liberty Bonds, while the hundhred-percint Americans were hoardin' their har-rd airned dollars waitin for some sucker-hunter to come along and take them away from them."

"How unfortunate," murmured Mrs. Prettyman, "that they should have hit upon the slogan, one-hundred-percent American! It has such an appeal!"

"True for ye, ma'am; but it fits them like a sock. A hundhred-percint American, you know, is an American who got through the thryin' war times a hundhred percint safe both as to his hide an' his purse. But to return to my story. The boss called me frind, Abie Einstein, who is a cotton goods salesman, an' he sez: 'Abie, me bye,' sez he, 'ye ar-re losin' your punch. If the ordhers don't come in faster nor this, the cotton mills'll have to shut down,' he sez. 'Shure ye can't get blood out av a turnip,' sez Abie. 'The public have no money,' he sez, 'barrin' the hundhred-percint Americans, bad cess to thim,' he sez. 'But they weren't reared in the lap av looxury,' he sez, 'and all our proppygandy can't injooce them to buy underwear.' 'Ye say they have money,' sez the boss. 'Thin get it, or get a new job,' sez he. An' wid that the conferince was inded. Poor Abie cuddn't pray his bades that night from worritin' about his wife an' tin small childhre, christened after the tin thrives av Israel, an' how mebbe he'd have to get a job on the section gang. He lay awake through the long, dar'rk hours countin' the sthrokes av the clock in the polis station beyant. At last it began to sthrike four. 'Wan, sez Abie, just like that. Ye see he was gettin'

wake in his head from worry an' loss av sleep, an' unbeknownst to himself he had tuk to countin out loud the strokes av the clock. 'Wan,' he sez. 'Two,' sez he. 'Three,' he sez. Then he lets a yell out av him that woke up the tin thrubes an' threw Rachael into highsterics. 'Glory be! she sez, 'is there a man undher the bed, or have yez an attackt av the call-her-a-morbus!' 'Nayther,' sez Abie, 'but I have the soloition av the problem. It kem to me like a shot while the clock was shtrikin'. If these hundherd-percint Americans wont wear cotton goods inside their clothes like Christians, thin, be the gr-reat St. Patrick, we'll make them wear them outside like spooks.' An' he institooted the K. K. K. an' saved an infant industhr."

"Why, Mr. Cassidy, it is preposterous to suppose that a Jew would sponsor a society inimical to his own race."

"Mar-rk my words, ma'am, anny organnysation that talk that much about percint, have a Jew at the bottom av it."

"They are planning a colossal campaign for the next election," moaned Mrs. Prettyman.

"They have already captured all the county offices in many of our rural districts," groaned Mrs. Doe.

"Christian charity, ma'am, forbids us to invy the naybor's good fortune—an' furthermore, which wan av us wants to be sherriff in Oklayhomy whin he can be a cop on Broadway?"

"But to go about with their faces hidden by masks —"

"That same, ma'am, is a beautiful practice av the K. K. K. which has been misunderstood or maliciously misinterpreted. 'Tis their modesty, ma'am, the modesty av the shrinking vilut, as Father Casey would say. There ar're two things they want to shield from the vulgar public gaze, their beauty an' their vartue, an' be jabers, the wan mask hides them both. Their beauty is popularly known as the scissors-jaw type, but when modestly concealed behind a thick mask, the casual bystander wuddn't know but what it was the common furrin species projuced out in Saint Loos on Kerry Patch. An' as for vartue, take their ginerosity, for instance. When they mar-rch into the church av some Prodestan minister who have been doin' his full juty in rayfutin' the Pope an' dammin' the Irish, an' solemnly prisint him wid three dollars an' sixty-five cents as the free and spontanyous offering av tin thousan' admiring Klansmin, why shure, they don't want to reveal their idintity for fear av vain glory an' losin' their reward in heaven."

"Nobody knows what moment they may bring about bloodshed in our own community," said Mrs. Prettyman.

"That's where you wrong thim, my good woman. They wudden't shed a dhrop av their blood for anything in the wur-ruld. To prove to ye what gentle harmless cratures they are, I'm going to relate what tuk place in one av their secret konklaves. I have it word for word from my frind, Ray Bird. His rale name is Loewenthal, but there were so manny letherns in that word that the hundhred-percint Americans hadn't learned yet, he made it Bird, for short. Well, as salesman for a benivolent Hebrew consarn in New York, he had to cover that territory, and so he invisted in a K. K. nightshirt, password, an' so on—an' put it down in his expinse account—thinkin' it would help the thrade. He tuk part in a secret meetin' an' this is what he heard: 'Citizens,' sez the head man—what's this they call him?"

"Kling Kleagle," suggested one of the bystanders.

"Arrah, to be sure! That's the bye! 'Klitizens,' sez Kleaggio, an' all the Klonegared Klackasses stand at attintion. 'Ar're yez all hundhred-percint Americans?' he sez. 'Me own people came acrost in the Mayflower,' sez Loewenthal, 'I can't sphake for the others.' The others sphake for themselves an' declare that they are prepared to make an affydavid that as far back as they could trace their ancestry it had never been outside the Mississippi swamps. After stoppin' up the kayhole wid corn whiskers, Kleaggio continues: 'Citizens,' he sez, 'the furriners an' the sons of furriners ar're makin' intirely too free wid this country av ours. There is Christopher Columbus, for instance, an' Padhre Junipero Serra an' Pere Marquette an' Lafayette an' General Sheridan an' Jack Dempsey an' A. O. Haitch an' Wacht M. Ryan an' manny others too numerous to mention.' 'Make an example av thim,' sez somebody. 'Make an example av *wan* av thim,' sez another. 'Make a terrifyin' example av *wan* av thim,' sez a third. But Kleaggio keeps cool an' judicious. 'Is the sherriff a Klansman?' he asks. 'He is.' 'An' the constable?' 'He is.' 'An' the Justice av the Peace? An' the Road Overseer? An' ivery man that could possibly be called to sit on the jury?' 'They ar're.' 'Thin,' sez he, 'brave min,' he sez, 'the time for action has come, even if we die in the attempt. Who,' he sez in a saypulchral tone, 'who is the victim?' 'There's a cobbler beyant wid a lame leg an' the rheumatics. How would he do?' 'He is not a young man, is he?' queries Kleaggio wid alar-rum.

'Siventy, no less.' 'Have he anny grown sons?' 'Nayther chick nor child.' 'And his wife's male relatives?' 'They are all in the sannytarium wid tuberculosis.' 'He is a marked man,' thunders Kleaggie. 'We decree that he be lured from his home on the plea of helpin' a sick naylor an' taken out to Sneakum's pasture an' made an example av.' From which ye see, ma'am, that the Ku Kluxers, though brave, ar're prudent; they take no mad chances."

"They are intimidating Catholics and doing immense harm to the Church," said Mrs. Doe.

"Har-rum to the Church, is it? What har-rum? Has there been anny falling off in the attindance at St. Malachy's since the doughty K. K. K. began to advertise their invisible courage an' invisible pathritism?"

"Oh, not here of course, but in those out-of-the-way places where there are not more than one or two Catholics in an entire county. There the Klan is terrorizing the Catholics and actually forcing them to give up their homes and leave."

"An' what business have a Catholic living in such a place where he can't go to Mass av a Sundah nor pay his pew rint? 'Tis the best thing could happen to himself and his childhre to be drove out. Shure I'm thinkin' the Pope founded the Klan just for that purpose."

"Why is it called the Invisible Empire?"

"For the simple rayson, ma'am, that it is made up av the br-rave byes who were invisible all jurin' the war any only krawled out av their kaverns after the arrah-missed-us was signed an' the wur-ruld was safe for the Dimmymcrats."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank thee for many favors received, especially the opportunity to follow a religious vocation."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for helping my brother to get well. He is now able to work. I will have a High Mass said as I promised."

The life of sacrifice that Jesus leads in the Blessed Sacrament is an invitation that urges you to enter upon a similar life of sacrifice for him.

Fairy Tales for Grown Ups

III. THE HAUNTED HOUSE

ANDREW F. BROWNE, C.Ss.R.

Once upon a time there was a house which people said was haunted. Now, mind, I do not intend to set about proving that they were right in so thinking; nor yet do I say they were wrong. The question involves problems of a psychic and preternatural nature which are both deep and difficult. It is certain that "haunts" and "ghosts" have been and are greatly overdone,—which fact leads most sensible people to suspect all such stories. Moreover even an argumentative proof that ghosts might be a reality, would by no means be in itself a proof of the fact in any particular case. So I shall merely here set down the facts in the case and let you draw your own conclusions.

CHAP. I. "WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

Officer Denis Flaherty was a big man, physically and morally; also he was something of a philosopher and moralist. If you had told him this in so many words he would have looked at you with close scrutiny to be sure that you were not calling him any blackguard names; and if he concluded you were, your only safety lay in flight. For Denis Flaherty had only this to say of himself, and he looked the world in the eye as he said it, that "he was an honest, decent man, the same as his father was before him." But for all his paucity of education, he had a keen insight into men and affairs, and a knack of "hitting the nail on the head," which was the admiration of many who had been better favored in an educational way.

Officer Flaherty loved his work since it gave him ample opportunity for his favorite study, that of human nature. He knew all the "kids" on the beat by name, and he basked in the sunshine of their frank hero-worship. He knew it was natural for them to be up to devilment, and as long as there was no great harm in it, he had a way of winking to himself as he roared at them.

"Get out of that, ye devils!"

The "kids" respected him, but they were not afraid of the big man. He knew all the characters in the district, and was able to distinguish between the malicious, and those who wanted to be better if someone

would only encourage them, and the police were not eternally arresting them on mere suspicion. He was a true philanthropist, and he loved his kind; but he was not a fool by any means, and he had ample occasion to see that in more ways than one the country was going to the dogs.

It was a balmy evening in midsummer as Flaherty walked his beat,—his kindly eye alert and missing very little within the range of his vision. And as he walked along the street, swinging his stick with all the rythm of an orchestra director, he would pause in front of the big "Movies," and size up the crowd. It was his habit to be there between shows, and to marvel quietly at the throngs waiting impatiently to enter, while the big building belched forth its gay, laughing patrons.

"Seems like everyone has gone Movie-mad," soliloquized Officer Flaherty. But it was almost as bad at the dance halls,—crowded to capacity with a care-free throng, many of them respectable enough, but many with a feverish glint in their eyes, which told of surreptitious hip-liquor, or something worse. The streets too were animated where the big lights were bright and inviting. Some moving along with that intentness which betokened a destination, others strolling arm in arm. His trained eye could pick out the foppish cake-eater leering at every passing girl, and his heart was moved to pity as he saw so many a young girl who ought to be home in bed, with a smirk of devil-may-careness, pair off with these human birds of prey. Youth was slipping away, and one must have a good time; and as for the price,—well, what else could you do? He watched many a big touring car swing in to the curbing, while the door was held invitingly open, and he saw many enter, some just foolish, some hardened, and unblushing.

At last the walk of Officer Flaherty brought him to "Sour Grove Park." He hated that part of his beat, because as he strolled along in the summer night there was always a conflict between his conscience and his job. Perhaps it was no worse than other parks, indeed he had been told as much; but Sour Grove was on his beat, and so he had first-hand evidence there. He used to wonder if there was anything in the name of the place which made so many automobiles stop there. Sometimes he was of opinion that people read the name with a period after Grove, and the word Park in the imperative mood,—which must be obeyed.

But Officer Flaherty more than guessed the real cause of the strange congestion, for invariably the lights on the machines were turned out, and he remembered hearing that "wickedness loves the dark." And the pity of it to see those who strolled through the darkest corners. No wonder the moon looked pale as it rode high in the heavens; no wonder the stars winked at one another. And if the Olympus of mythology had been a reality and was peopled with those old Pagan Gods, I am sure Venus would have smiled down on so many devotees, and Bacchus would have garlanded them with flowers. Officer Flaherty did what he could to improve conditions, but he couldn't do much. "Arrest them?" he querried with fine scorn, "Arrah, what good will that do? Sure 'tis almost impossible to get the evidence required to convict. And when I did try to take them up, didn't my superiors tell me with an oath 'not to be bringing those cases in here, and trying to make fools of the police-department!'"

So he went through banging his stick, and letting the moon glint on his badge and his brass buttons, and sending the lurkers scurrying like a flock of crows; but he knew they would settle down again as soon as he had passed. So he hurried along, asking himself the same question which he had asked a thousand times before. "Sure with all the people on the streets, and at the shows, and at the dance-halls, and in the parks at night, can there be any one at home, at all, at all?"

As he reached the end of the park, the little red light flashed up on the telephone box of the department. Flaherty went over, unlocked the box, and took down the receiver.

"Hello" said a voice over the wire, "is that you Flaherty?"

"Tis that, thank God."

"Well," said the desk-sergeant, "I want you to investigate a house on your beat. Queer stories been coming in about it. People say it's haunted. You're not afraid of ghosts are you?"

"Divil a bit," said Officer Flaherty. "Where is the house?"

"It's the American Home Institution, on Nationwide Boulevard, near the corner of Any Street."

"Alright," said Flaherty, "I'll be after having a look at it."

CHAPTER II. THE HOUSE THAT WAS ALWAYS DARK.

It was just a little walk down Nationwide Boulevard, to the corner of Any Street, and sure enough there was the American Home. Flaherty paused on the outside and looked up at it. There was noth-

ing striking about the building. You couldn't place it in any particular period of architecture, Queen Anne, or Louis Quinze, or Colonial. It was built rather on lines of practical utility than those of architectural beauty. It was just a house, of medium size with a small lawn in front, and nothing very remarkable about it—except that it was always dark. It was almost beyond the memory of man when the house was brilliantly lighted. Sometimes about one or two in the morning, a light would flash out here and there; but only for a few moments, when again all would be pitchy darkness. It was such a customary thing, that very few people bothered about it at all; but just took it for granted like so many other things, and gave it no further thought.

But one night a wrinkled old man, whom nearly everybody avoided as troublesome, and who lived in reminiscences, stopped and looked up at the American Home Institution. The old man's name was Memory, and people used to say that he never forgot anything. They didn't like him because they made him think, and that was one thing they didn't want to do.

This night as he stood in front of the house, he was soliloquizing audibly:

"What a terrible thing to see what the American Home Institution has come to! I remember well when it was different. I remember well when the evenings in that house were joyous and gay; when the lights burned brightly and there was music and song, and laughter coming out through the open windows. I remember the happy faces of parents and children. Ah yes, I remember the goodnight kisses, and when lights went out the murmur of prayer ascending in the night to God. But that's all gone now. The house is always dark—no lights, no song, no laughter, no goodnight kisses, no prayer. And tonight the people who live there are out on the streets of the city, or God knows where else, and no one knows what the other is doing.

"Alas for the American Home! Is it any wonder that the conditions on Nation-wide Boulevard are going from bad to worse? Is it any wonder that criminals, moral outcasts, are increasing near the corner of Any Street? Why when the American Home Institution was properly cared for, I tell you Nation-wide Boulevard was something to be proud of; and many God-fearing families lived on Any Street. But that was before the old care-taker was put out. His name as I remember was Religion. He was the kindest of men and

the wisest; but he had a way of saying the truth right out, which people didn't like. He used to take care of this house, and he used to teach in the schools, and help keep them in order; but they've put him out of the American Home Institution, and they've put him out of the school. They tried many another care-taker since then, but none of them could do the work satisfactorily. They tell me that many people want to get him, Mr. Religion, back in the schools; and would to God they would put him back in the home as well! I tell you he's the only one who can run the place."

Mr. Moral Uplift, president of the Moral Uplift Company, was listening, and he knew just what to do. He had one infallible remedy for every human ill, The Law and the Police. So he phoned to Police-headquarters, and reported that there was something wrong with the American Home Institution, he didn't know just what it was. It might be haunted for all he knew; but he knew that the Police and the Law could fix the thing up alright. And having delivered himself of this over the phone, he smoothed down his tie, and went to a dance.

Of course Officer Flaherty knew nothing at all of this, except that the sergeant told him perhaps the house was haunted. He took out his skeleton key and opened the front door. There was not a sound within as he stopped to listen. Reaching for his searchlight, he began a survey of the premises. The parlor was closed as was everything in it; the piano was locked, and the furniture was done up in covers and looked like so many mummies in the ray of the searchlight. In the dining room, the cloth was still on the table, and so were the crumbs. The bedrooms too—oh, the bedrooms, beds made evidently in a hurry, and every kind of garment, some not politely mentionable, hanging awrily from chairs or strewn about the floor. The kitchen? There were unscoured pots and pans on the stove, and the dishes stood unwashed in the sink. A broom stood in the corner; it just stood and that was all.

Officer Flaherty grinned:

"So this is the American Home Institution," he said. "Bedad, they make fun of our poor cabins in Ireland, and sure they're better kept nor this."

He was about to go, when he bethought himself that he had better give the woodshed the once over. He opened the door, and as he flashed his light around, he saw an old man sitting on an overturned box in the corner and staring at the opposite wall.

"Put 'em up!" said Flaherty, levelling his gun. But the stranger merely smiled a wan smile, and said:

"Better put up that gun; you couldn't hurt me with it anyhow."

"Who are you?" asked Flaherty, still cautiously keeping him covered.

"Who, me?" said the old man, "why I'm the Ghost."

"Begorrah," said Flaherty, advancing on him, "this is great entirely. Whose ghost are you thin?"

"Why," said the old man, "I'm the ghost of the American Home. I used to be called the Spirit of the American Home, but I'm dead now, so I suppose I'm a ghost. Don't you think so?"

"Tell me about it," said Flaherty, sitting down.

"O, it's a long story," said the old man wearily, and there's no use going over all of it. You see, I used to live in that house one time, before they put the caretaker, Religion, out. After that things got so bad that at last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I came out here. They told me I was a dead one, so I guess I'm a ghost. It isn't very much fun being a ghost nowadays."

"Won't the people in there let you live with them?" said Flaherty.

"I told you, I'm dead," said the old man testily. "I'm a ghost now, the Spirit of the American Home is dead. Anyhow I guess I'm better off than living with those people."

"Who are they?" asked Flaherty.

"The family name," said the Ghost, "is Citizen. The head of the family is called Bizz Citizen. (Bizz, he explained, is short for Business.) He does nothing but make money, and then go to shows for the tired business man. His wife's maiden name was Gadder. She's a society and club woman, never at home except to sleep and once in a while to eat. There were two children, though neither Bizz nor his wife wanted the second, but old Doc Nature insisted, and they had to put up with it. The older one is a boy, named Know-all. No one could ever tell him anything. He said that Mr. Religion was a fool, and that I was a dead-head. One day he tried to strangle Mr. Memory. The second child is a girl, Miss Selfish. Always thinking of herself. Phew!" whistled the ghost, "that was some family, and I guess I'm lucky to be dead after all. About the only time they were at the house was at breakfast and supper. After supper, which they all gulped, there was usually a fight about cleaning up things, and most of the time

they weren't cleaned up. Then they got dressed and skipped. No one knew where the other was going, and nobody cared. About one or two in the morning they'd come in and jump into bed. At breakfast it was eat, fight, and get out as fast as they could. Well, I couldn't stand it, so I quit, or died—I don't know which. See that," he said, pointing to the opposite wall. Officer Flaherty flashed his light. "I brought that with me; didn't think it was right to leave it in there." Officer Flaherty looked. On an old piece of cracked glass, which had once been decorated, but was now faded, so that you could hardly make anything out of it, were printed the words: "God bless our Home!"

"Come on, Flaherty, get up out of that," said Officer Connors, "sure 'tis no place for a decent man to be sleeping in Sour Grove Park."

WHICH ARE PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

What do we mean by the term, "public"? Free? They are not free; you pay your taxes for them. "Open to all"? All schools are such; no one would turn away one who is willing to live up to the discipline. But that would not mean much. In this way the grocery store and the theater are public, and the saloons were public houses in their time. "For the good of the public"? Ah, there is the interpretation that gives the phrase, "Public School," its proper force and meaning.

There is no question that the Catholic School is a public school in this sense. It is a matter of fact and experience.

In an address at Philadelphia recently the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Edwin Denby, pays this tribute to the "public benefit" of the parochial school:

"To Catholics the Marine Corps in which I served must be of special interest, since I found that more than forty-five per cent of its enlisted men were Catholics. And this is a grand tribute to the teachings of the fine old Church that it instills in the minds of its young a deep and loving patriotism for country, a patriotism that does not balk at the sacrifice of one's own life in the nation's honor."

Catholics should cultivate individual initiative. Don't wait for the clergy. Don't wait for Catholic societies. Do the good thing you think of yourself.

Beauty, Brains, or Brawn?

DAD NOLAN'S PHILOSOPHY

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

"Sometimes they are pulled down, sometimes they sink, and sometimes they keep on swimming till the right girl comes along and pulls them out." This sage remark was uttered by Officer Nolan who had been on the Broadway squad as long as the most blasé habitue of the White Light District could remember.

At first sight, he was imposing in his dignified representation of the majesty of the law. Dan's one ambition in life was to be addressed as "Officer." Somehow, no one had ever called him that. His merry smile and twinkling eye belied his assumed air of sternness, and even the veriest newcomer to the Roaring Forties, from the first called him "old man" or "Dan," but finally, if his money lasted long enough or his talent was strong enough to keep him in the land where night turns into day, sooner or later ended by calling him "Dad." "Dad" he was to Broadway in 1923, and "Dad" he had been to that lane of pleasure for at least twenty years.

Always he had been a type of what New York both derides and loves—"a first class cop," one of the "finest." Six feet two in his stocking feet, with shoulders a gladiator might have envied, he was, nevertheless, as tender as a woman and as simple as a child. Some one said long years ago, "the bravest are the tenderest," and he might have been speaking of Dan Nolan. Simple and tender he might be in dealing with the weak and unfortunate, but withal he was wise in the ways of the world about him, and as fearless as a lion when duty called. Broadway loved Dan Nolan, but however much Dan might pity or help its dwellers, he never loved Broadway. "Tis a wicked place," he was wont to say, "a place that the wise man shuns. O, sure, there's lots of good people stays there, but they'd be better for all of that if they had never seen the place. Which same is true of meself."

Dan might have been better indeed if he had never seen Broadway and learned the tale of the wickedness which flaunts in the glare of its electric orbs; nevertheless, in his homely way, he had been an apostle, who had turned many back from the way of folly and sin before it was too late. His one pride was his Faith. His religion he placed high above everything else, and though he never made parade of his piety

any more than he made a display of the medals of valor and service he had won in his civic duties, nevertheless, his was the character of sterling Catholicity that makes Mother Church so proud of her American children. Sunday Mass he had never missed in his sixty odd years of life, and no matter what the hours of his "tours" he never failed to visit his Lord frequently in the Church of Saint Bernard, and to receive his Master in Holy Communion at least "wanst a month." No wonder, then, Broadway had left Dan Nolan unspoiled; no wonder its worldly minded habitues found something in him to admire.

Dan Nolan, then, was Broadway's pride. Still his step was less jaunty now than on the day he joined the force, and his failing sight no longer fitted him for his former stand as traffic man at Forty-Second Street. Hence, though he was too valuable to Headquarters in his knowledge of Broadway ever to be removed from that precinct while he was able to serve, yet he was given the easier details and the choicest tours with little or nothing of the nerve racking "reserve duty." Hence the night of the opening of our story found him appointed to the task of "guarding raided premises," which simply meant that Dan, seated in a chair near the tables of diners, was supposed to prevent any open and flagrant violations of the Volstead Act, since said cafe had been caught by Federal agents dispensing liquids of too great potency. However, his precinct captain had warned him with a wink not to take his duties too seriously. There had been little need of that—Dan was too wise to interfere with the "velvet" that lined his superior's pocket and even found its way in occasional legitimate driblets to the lesser members of the force. Hence Dan had nothing to do, so long as there were no signs of an incipient riot, except to talk to his friends or chance acquaintances and to philosophize as often was his wont.

Few passed his chair without a word or nod of recognition or greeting, and some lingered for a longer talk. Finally his attention had been called by a newspaper reporter to a newcomer in the cafe—a stranger to Broadway.

"He's a South American," the news man informed him, "come to get American ideas. They've made him an angel already—backing a musical comedy that has the punch, but not the cash."

"Well," quoth Dan, "he'll go back poorer than he came,"—to which he added the sage remark, "Tis only a Hebrew can make money on Broadway, unless he's a bootlegger."

"True for you," responded the reporter, "Broadway is the rock on which many hopes meet shipwreck. Look at Kerry Darling there. He's a sample: money gone, playing minor roles in second rate shows. If that guy would only beat it away from the theater and try something else he'd be a wonder. But the place gets them; sinks into your blood somehow and you can't leave until you make or break."

"Righto," answered Nolan, "Unless they really fall in love. Then they beat it and never come back; Broadway's too dangerous to build a love nest on."

"Too bad, then, that Darling doesn't fall in love. He's a regular guy; would give his last nickel to a pal. But he can't last much longer. Sooner or later he'll fall for the dope and then—curtains."

"Nonsense," responded Dan, "fellows like him don't sink." Then he added the sage remark which sums up the history of Broadway's failures, a remark with which this tale began, "Sometimes they are pulled down, sometimes they sink, and sometimes they keep on swimming till the right girl comes along and pulls them out."

"Well, our friend had better hurry up and meet her then," replied the reporter, "just now he's nobody's Darling." And chuckling at his own wit the reporter prepared to move away. "So long, Dad," he said, "Pray that something exciting turns up tonight. I haven't had a feature story for a week."

"I hope it doesn't turn up here then," said Dan, "I want the day off tomorrow to take the wife and little ones to the beach. So I won't waste my day off appearing in court against a man unless he commits murder."

"A murder would be fine, but a good fight would do just as well," replied the newsgatherer. "By the way, I may be wrong about Darling. Here comes Kathleen Norridge, the star of his company. They say he's sweet on her, but she won't give him a look in."

"She's too good a girl to throw herself away on a failure like Darling," responded Nolan, "but you never can tell. Maybe if she got a hold of him she might wake him up."

"Not a chance," answered the reporter, "he's dead from the neck up since his last show flopped." And the reporter moved away to a table near where the aforesaid star Kitty Norridge had just seated herself amid a gay company of friends.

Her advent, and the coming of others of the theatrical profession,

signified that the shows were over for the night, and Dan Nolan looked forward with a yawn to the fast approaching time of his release from duty. Promptly at midnight the ordinary patrolman is relieved by his buddy, but since Law and Order have dimmed the lights of Broadway and closed its restaurants at one A. M., those on duty in such places come on duty at five o'clock in the afternoon and remain until closing time.

Kitty Norridge, as Dan knew her, or Kathleen, as her name appeared blazoned in electric bulbs in front of one of the theaters, knew how to relax after the efforts of the evening. Though she shunned the stage door "Johnny" as a pest, still with some friends of the profession, her evening, or rather early morning, meal became her hour of recreation wherein she chatted and laughed until fatigue called her to rest. This evening she was in a particularly joyous mood, and chatted and joked with those around her. Darling, who was not only one of the group but her open admirer, was the butt of many of her witticisms. However, he took them gracefully and was apparently enjoying it, when an unpleasant interruption spoiled the evening.

Nolan, as closing hour approached, seeing that the cafe held none but its usual patrons, had quietly gone back to the room adjoining the kitchen where a tasty lunch awaited him. In the brief interval, one whom Broadway had taken to its heart, entered the place. Angel Louis from the Argentine, by his battle with the champion of the world, had paved the way for the advent of a whole flock of aspirants to pugilistic honors. Among these, Manuel Gomez, a Mexican, was the most picturesque, and seemingly stood the best chance of realizing his ambitions. Made rich by sundry shady dealings in Mexican oil lands, he was, nevertheless, a fighter of note in his own country and had made a most favorable impression on sporting men in the good old U. S. A. Quick as a cat, powerful as a bear, with a punch that would fell an ox, he had quickly disposed of lesser contenders for the championship, and was now clamoring loudly for a chance to fight the world's champion pugilist. Many leading lights in the world of "leather pushers" thought he deserved the battle he craved. Besides being a strong man, which Broadway admired, he was one of those picturesque and unusual figures which Broadway loves. Everything he did was unusual; he trained with lavish expenditure of money that made his country gasp; he entertained lavishly; dressed in the costume

of his native country. Taken all in all, he was a general favorite. His one fault was an ungovernable Latin temper which rather added to his reputation as a terrible man in the ring. He entered the cafe as if he owned it; sat down at a table adjoining Miss Norridge and her party; threw the star an airy kiss, which she ignored. From a grip he produced a long bottle, musty with cobwebs.

"Champagne!" he cried, "Broadway's old favorite! Come: the first drink of the old favorite shall go to the new favorite—ze beautifool Kathleen!" And he towered, though somewhat unsteadily, over the chair of the actress.

"Thank you, sir," said Miss Norridge in icy tones, "I never touch wine."

"But you must taste dees!" insisted the bravo.

"Waiter! Kindly see that your patrons are not disturbed," said Miss Norridge to the servitor by her chair.

"You must sit down—or leave the place," said the latter quietly to the Mexican.

The only response was a blow which sent the waiter sprawling over the table which crashed with him to the floor and brought Dan Nolan hurrying from his unfinished lunch. The Mexican, heedless of the unconscious waiter, grasped Miss Norridge by the shoulder.

"You veel drink!" he hissed between clenched teeth, "Now, I insist."

A frantic signal from the head waiter brought Dan Nolan gliding silently to the scene of disturbance, but not quickly enough to prevent further trouble. No sooner had the Mexican laid hands on Miss Norridge than Kerry Darling rose quickly from his chair and grasped the pugilist by the wrist.

"Gentlemen never act that way in the U. S. A.," said he coolly, though his swelling nostrils and narrowed eyelids showed he was raging inwardly.

"Mind your own business," said the Mexican, twisting his wrist free. At the same time he made a vicious pass with his left hand at Darling's jaw. The latter ducked just in time. Then swung a retaliating right hard upon the other's classic nose, which mingled Mexican claret with the champagne which was running in a stream upon the floor. The advantage lay with Darling for a moment only. Raging like a wild animal, the Mexican charged, and with short vicious

jabs to the heart and jaw quickly rendered Darling oblivious to his surroundings. In fact the latter fell heavily backward upon a table, striking his face on a broken glass, and then sliding slowly to the floor where he lay as though dead. Nolan came hurrying to the scene, the pugilist, as if hungry for more fight, turned savagely to meet him.

"You are under arrest," rasped Nolan.

"Come and get me!" laughed the Mexican, at the same time giving Nolan a thrust with his open hand which sent the policeman reeling.

Nolan's hand moved swiftly to his hip and he came back bravely armed with the New York policeman's favorite weapon. No, not a pistol. The experienced copper never risks a shot in a crowd, unless facing another pistol. In his hand Nolan grasped the short wicked "billy" or loaded club swung by a strap, which the New York policemen carry day and night. As he advanced, the Mexican leaped forward. The same vicious jabs with which he felled Darling he aimed at the policeman—but they failed to land. With the cleverness of long practice, Nolan side-stepped. As the Mexican lurched forward, Nolan brought down the billy once, twice with a short strong swing, below the ear of the pugilist. The latter turned a sickly green, his eyes rolled dazedly, his limp limbs sank beneath him and he crashed to the floor.

"Atta boy, Dan!" laughed the newspaper reporter, elbowing through the gathering crowd, "The first K. O. for the Mexican puma."

"Aw shucks! I lose my day off after all. I feel like kicking this bird," was Dan's only reply. "C'mon, some of you ginks, help carry these two outside. We'll need an ambulance for the actor and a wagon for the spick."

The warriors were borne away, the waiter was helped to the kitchen. The debris once cleared away, the diners returned to their tables. Kitty Norridge followed the policeman to the street, but Darling who had recovered consciousness insisted on being driven to his lodgings unaccompanied except by a friend.

The rest of this tale is history, and you probably read all about it in the daily papers. However, perhaps the story behind the strangest prize fight in the American ring is not known in all its details, so we had better rehearse them briefly.

Of course the papers made much of the incident in the cafe and, of course, Kitty Norridge's press agent linked her name with Darling's in a budding romance. Darling, who had been hopelessly in love with

the girl for a long time, received a rebuff, however, when he ventured a proposal.

"Surely, you are not serious, Kerry!" laughed Kathleen, "Why, what can you offer a girl? How can you expect me to give up my career for a hand to mouth existence? Why, you are a failure in life!"

"I know that, Kitty," replied Darling with a groan, "but I'm young yet—only twenty-six. I may make good yet!"

"Not in a thousand years—as an actor," mocked Kitty. "Granted you have talent enough; you are fairly—yes, I'll say very—good looking; but there's one thing against you."

"What's that?" asked Kerry peevishly.

"Your hands and arms," replied Miss Norridge. "Strange no manager ever noticed it, but you have arms abnormally long and your hands—heavens, they are so long, big, and heavy they look as if they weighed a ton. No matter how great your other talents, those arms and hands spoil you for the stage. You might make a wonderful pugilist, but an actor never." And with a toss of her pretty head Miss Kitty looked pityingly at Kerry.

"But I love you dearly," replied Kerry awkwardly.

"No doubt," answered Kathleen cheerfully. "But love and kisses won't keep the wolf from the door. No—no, Kerry boy, I think the world of you but I have to give common sense a chance to talk also."

"Is there no hope?" asked Kerry cheerlessly.

"Of course. Make a success of yourself in any line, and I'll marry you any old day," replied Kitty, "even if it's only to go out and do what you failed to do once."

"What's that?" asked Kerry eagerly.

"Thrash Manuel Gomez soundly," replied Kitty walking away, leaving Kerry angry and mortified.

At first he was discouraged and hopeless. But the more he thought of Kitty's words, the more he realized their truth. His university degree had availed him naught; the money his father left him had flowed from his hands like water, in his vain attempt to make a name for himself on Broadway. His most earnest efforts to secure a leading part had failed after five years of hard work. His hands and arms! She was cruel, but what she said was only too true. He might succeed after all. In college he had been counted no mean boxer, but had thrown the gloves aside when one of his blows had seriously hurt a

school-mate. "Thrash the Mexican soundly." It would give him inestimable pleasure to do that very thing, but the task was impossible. Well, he'd try it anyway—no harm in trying. But how? Challenge the pugilist to a regular fight in the ring? He would be laughed at and told to go and get a reputation. Fight his way up to the top through the low vulgar herd of minor "leather-pushers" till he earned a chance at the Mexican? His whole being revolted at the idea.

It was Broadway that showed him the way. Dan Nolan warned him to avoid the Mexican as the latter had been heavily fined in police court and had escaped a jail sentence only through the intervention of powerful friends. He vowed vengeance on all connected with the affair, particularly on Dan himself and Kerry for whom he had conceived a deep hatred.

"Tis meself can take care of any spick no matter how big he may be," said Dan. "The bigger they come, the harder they fall. But ye had better be careful. 'Twas a bad wallop he gave you that night."

"Say, Dad," replied Kerry, "If I had a chance to train a little, I'd fight him in a minute. But there isn't a chance in the world."

"Fight him?" asked Dad. "What do you want to fight him for?"

"Well for one thing. Kathleen Norridge says she'll marry me if I lick him."

"Well, I guess she doesn't want you very badly," chuckled Dad, "if that's the only condition she'll marry ye on. Bedad though, if ye want to try it, go ahead. I'll be best man at the wedding. Begorry ye are Irish and I'll bet on ye."

"But how can I do it? I can't tackle him on the street?"

"Can ye box?" asked Dan.

"Champion of my class in college," answered Kerry.

"Well, then challenge him to a duel with the gloves. I don't think 'twould be counted a sin, as ye'll hardly be in danger of life and limb. Claim your honor is injured—demand satisfaction. Them spicks is strong on honor, though I never saw much of it in their way of actin'."

"I'll do it," replied Kerry.

Thus it happened that Broadway saw Kerry Darling no more for a long time. Thus it also happened that Senor Gomez received a challenge at which his thin lip curled in a smile of contempt. But his press agent made the mistake of giving it to the papers, and the papers at first jokingly, and then forced by public sympathy, for all

the world loves a lover, demanded that Senor Gomez accept the challenge. Senor aforesaid, laughed at first, then raged, then finally in a fit of temper declared only that he would fight this upstart any time or place and break him in two. Only Kerry took the fight seriously, and trained as though his life depended on it. Some of the public looked in on him, some to laugh, others to admire, though no one conceded him even a fighting chance with the Mexican puma. However, one looked and stayed to bargain—a certain promoter of all that can attract a crowd and bring in the shekels. Before he left, Kerry had agreed, provided Senor Gomez acquiesced, to stage the fight, or duel, or slaughter in the Bronx Arena of the aforesaid promoter, for a very liberal stipend, win or lose. Strange to say, the public, the dear, gullible public, made a mad rush for tickets at an exorbitant price. People would pay an admission even to see a suicide, so great is morbid curiosity at the present day.

We are not as much interested in that prize fight as in its sequel, so let us pass over it in silence. One of the leading dailies told of its closing round. "Then came the seventh. Darling, who had surprised the crowd and even the world by staying six rounds, taking cruel punishment and reaching his more crafty opponent now and then with blows which seemed only to fan the flame of rage in the latter, staggered forth from his corner a beaten man. His eyes were half closed, his lips bleeding, from his broken nose a stream of blood trickled, but he was game. Swaying dizzily, driven more by instinct than led by his faltering feet he made for his opponent. Cool, crafty, cruelly confident, the puma waited his coming. All through the battle he had lashed out that terrible left, that bruised and battered the man before him. It might have been a bull fight in old Castile with Darling the bull, and Gomez the toreador. Darling swung a flail-like left, Gomez dodged and countered with a swift jabbing right to the ribs that caused a sobbing sigh from the panting lungs of Darling. Gomez danced in and swung a left to the jaw but missed and was thrown back on his heels by a right uppercut that jarred him. Throwing science to the winds the Mexican plunged in, letting loose a volley of wicked jabs and swings and uppercuts. But Darling threw those huge arms of his about and held his faster opponent off more by brute strength than by any knowledge. A smack of leather on bare skin, a tinge of red below the heart, and Darling staggered and fell to his knees. He rose blindly,

gropingly—game to the last. The wolf pack in the benches howled with blood lust. It was the finish. Gomez stood back, measured his punch and let fly a right across the jaw. Darling fell like a log and the arm of the referee swung like a pendulum in the fateful count that spelled defeat. Five, six, seven, tolled the swinging arm. Then from the ringside seats a youthful form in a long ulster leaped to the side of the ring. As the youth leaped a cap fell from the head, and freeing a mop of golden hair, revealed the owner as a woman.

"Get up, Kerry! Get up you failure, and fight!" she screamed.

Into the dead brain and quivering body that voice seemed to penetrate like a galvanizing shock. Darling rose, staggered forward. With a smile of contempt, his opponent shot forth that terrible ripping left—and missed. Darling's punch seemed to start from his knees. All the power, all the speed of last despairing effort was in that punch as it landed, just below the right ear of that crouching puma, paralyzing brain and sinew and muscle. Like a death mask looked the face of the puma. The lips relaxed, the eyes glazed, and he fell with a crash, whilst twelve thousand aboriginal maniacs howled their approval. Laughing, weeping, screaming, they saw the referee toll off the fatal ten—saw Darling stagger to his corner and fall into the arms of Goldilock who was none other than Kathleen Norridge, the musical comedy star. They had to carry Gomez to his dressing room, and we wager it will be a long day before his brain functions properly after that fatal blow of the cave-man Darling." Thus far the newspaper. Let Daddy Nolan finish as he began this tale.

"Glory be!" said he to this friend, the reporter as they met on Broadway in front of a theatre. "'Tis steppin' out I am in my old age. First I'm second at a prize fight, then best man at a wedding; what next I dunno."

"What has become of Kathleen Norridge? I see her name is down from the electric signs," said the reporter, apropos of nothing at all.

"Oh sure, she's gone to California. She's Mrs. Darling now, and she and her hubby are going to play in the pictures. 'Beauty and the Beast', is their first scenario. No, she's Beauty, and he's the Beast. So that's the last of Broadway for them—I told ye so. Beauty, brain or brawn—give a woman her choice and she'll fall for the rough guy every time."

Seventy-Five Years of Service THE REDEMPTORISTS IN NEW ORLEANS

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. Ss. R.

"In the annals of the Redemptorist Order it is recorded that one day the great St. Alphonsus Liguori (the Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, commonly known as the Redemptorist Fathers) with one of his missionary companions was walking along the quay of the beautiful city of Naples, and there upon the placid waters lay a ship about to weigh anchor and set sail for the far away city of New Orleans. This happened one evening about the year 1750.

"Tradition tells us that the Saint wistfully watched the vessel until it passed out of view; and then turning to his companions he spoke in prophetic voice:

"The day will come when my sons will have a house in New Orleans. They will carry the truths of the gospel and the consolation of the religion to many a weary soul in that distant city."

"A little less than a hundred years later the prophecy was to be verified and find its fulfillment in the work of the Redemptorist Fathers in the metropolis of the South."

THE COMING OF THE FATHERS.

These are the opening lines of the splendid little volume that has recently come from the press: "Seventy-five Years of Service" by Rev. B. J. Krieger, C. Ss. R. Gotten up for the Diamond Jubilee of the coming of the Fathers to New Orleans, it tells in brief the story of their work during the last seventy-five years.

The beginnings — like the beginning of all great works — were attended with difficulties that to many might have seemed insurmountable.

It was in 1842 that Father Czachert came to New Orleans from Pittsburgh. He was on a collection tour in the interests of the Redemptorist foundation at St. Philomena's, Pittsburgh. Bishop Blanc of New Orleans welcomed him and kept him at his own residence. The young Redemptorist—he was only thirty-eight years old at the time—repaid the bishop by helping him to settle his trouble with the trustees of the cathedral and solve other diocesan troubles. So

great was the Bishop's admiration for Father Czachert's ability, that he begged him to remain and take charge of the city of Lafayette.

Lafayette, which later became a part of the city of New Orleans, had no priest. Its people were German, Irish and French. Father Czachert rented "Kaiser's Hall", owned by a Protestant saloon-keeper, and, making it serve as a church, gathered the German people around him. This was practically the origin of St. Mary's Assumption Parish.

He was shortly after called to Baltimore by his superiors—to the great regret of the bishop and people.

But in 1847 he returned and at once took up the work—having been installed by Bishop Blanc as pastor of all Lafayette. Early in 1848 Father Kauder came to work among the French. That same year Father Czachert acquired some property to build a church for the Irish. In 1849 Father Krutil arrived to form the nucleus of St. Alphonsus' congregation. Before the year was out, New Orleans was visited by the Provincial of the Order, the great Father Bernard, who brought with him Fathers Masson, Steinbacher, and McGrane. Father Masson was assigned to work among the French, Father McGrane among the Irish and Father Steinbacher among the Germans. From that time on, the three congregations began to take on real organization and to grow. Early in 1850 St. Alphonsus was begun.

TERRIBLE VISITATIONS.

In one way the most interesting chapter of the story is that which tells of the heroism of the Fathers during the various epidemics and troubles which came upon the city of New Orleans.

The Yellow Fever, whose terrors we today hardly realize, but can guess to a certain extent from the ravages of the influenza in 1918-1919, was a periodic visitor to the city. Each recurrence brought out shining examples of heroic charity and devotion to duty among the Fathers; each claimed its victims.

Father Czachert fell victim to the epidemic in 1848; Father Steinbacher died a martyr to zeal for souls in 1851; in 1853, whilst none died, several were stricken with the yellow plague; in 1858 two fathers gave up their lives for the flock, Fathers Girard and Vogien, both in charge of the French congregation of Notre Dame; 1857 claimed the saintly Father F. X. Seelos, whose cause of canonization has been begun, and Father Stiesburger; in 1870 Father Assemaine died of the fever, and in 1873 three victims were recorded: Father Schneider

and two lay-brothers. The last to claim the crown of martyrdom were Fathers Murphy and Heidenreich in 1876.

During such a visitation the Fathers had as many as sixty or seventy sick calls a day. They were so constantly engaged in attending to those stricken by the plague, that for weeks sometimes they would not meet at table or at any community exercises; sometimes days would elapse without their once speaking to one another.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The Bishop of New Orleans in 1861 called upon the Superior of the Redemptorists in New Orleans for chaplains to serve in the Southern Army. Every member of the community volunteered. Father Smulders and Father Sheeran were chosen. Father Smulders was with the Eighth Louisiana Volunteers (Army of Northern Virginia), and served with this regiment during the whole period of the war, sharing its privations and sufferings and facing death to minister to the soldiers.

Father Sheeran, who served with another Louisiana regiment, had a more stormy career. While ministering to some wounded soldiers, he was taken prisoner and for six weeks confined in a stable. The two Fathers met at Appamatox after Lee's surrender and together started on the weary journey homeward. It was a joyful reunion when, ragged, barefooted, weary and haggard, they entered their convent home in New Orleans on the evening of May 7, 1865.

(To be continued)

A FABLE THAT ÆSOP MISSED

Once there was a Good Day—a Perfectly Good Day, warm, but not too warm, bright and snappy and glorious. It took a walk to receive men's praises and bask in their gratitude, and this is what it overheard: Casper Rinehart: "Dear me; we need rain." Mary Jones: "How monotonous this weather is!" Samuel Sprague: "Getting horribly dusty." Morton Grant: "It's so windy today I can't burn my leaves." Granny Simmons: "Heigh-ho! The weather today gives me the spring fever."

The Good Day went back home discouraged. "What's the use," it said, "of being a Perfectly Good Day, if this is all I get for it?" So the next day it rained!

His Honor The Halfback

CHAP. VII. THE LAST CHANCE

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Ted sat in a corner of the dressing-room; a sock in one hand, a shoe in the other, his mouth gaping wide open, his eyes staring into space, a modern Buddha in a football suit.

Around him there was plenty of bustle and hurry. Directions and requests were shouted from one end of the room to the other; players jostled each other goodnaturedly as they rushed about in search of some detail or other that was deemed absolutely necessary to the winning of this, the last and the greatest game of the season. But Ted dreamed on.

He had had his ankles taped by the trainer and had about finished donning the clumsy football togs, when in an unguarded moment, his mind had traveled back over the months that had passed since his famous episode with Father Flynn. Oh, yes! That office! And that day! The first day of spring training! That was what caused the whole rumpus! And that biting, scorching, withering yet withal good-natured ecclesiastical sarcasm! It had done what all the urging in the world had never done and would never have been able to do; it had made him, Ted Collins, take up the game he cordially detested—except in the capacity of a spectator in the safe seclusion of the grandstand—work at it, and finally make good on the team. He recalled Father Flynn's laugh when he left the room. Well, he could afford to laugh; but now Ted could laugh, too. On second thought, the matter was laughable. And Ted laughed as he dreamed.

What months they had been. Week-ends of sport and work on Lake Wingra, nights of sore muscles and harassed nerves and the chill, spiritual numbness of defeat realized in advance. Mornings of renewed energy spurred on by the encouragement of four of the finest fellows that ever trod football shoe-leather, and by the realization—he had to admit it—that Julia was usually in the stand at the games, waving a pennant or else her handkerchief at him as he passed. Of course, Julia—and that party! He had gone simply because his sister, Virginia, had accepted the invitation before he had a chance to refuse. It came back now like a swift panorama and he turned deep red at the

reminiscence of what a fool he had been. Impressionable! That was it; just like a school-kid; a blithering, vacuum-minded school-kid! And her brother had been there, that everlasting pest, Charlie Redden, with his smirk in place of an ordinary smile, and his line of talk that Ted summarized to himself in one word, "Blah!"

He began to pull on the heavy, woolen sock.

Outside he could hear the band playing, and at intervals, the cadenced cheering of the students. The last game—the "Homecoming" game! The sock was two-thirds on—and there it stayed, while Ted's eyes roamed back again to space. The contrast between the memory of this time last year and the actuality of the present stunned him. It seemed like a dream from which he was just awakening. To think that he had been selected a member of the first team to start the biggest game of the year! Not that the game meant much in itself. But to him, Ted realized, it meant the final achievement of a purpose, the actual making-good against obstacles, for the first time in his life. He wondered whether, after all, the obstacles had really been obstacles; whether they had not really been the source of increased incentive and consequently, positive aids in their own way, to his success.

That sock would never get on. He yanked at it viciously, peeved at the idea of idly day-dreaming. But his action was not quick enough. A resounding whack between the shoulder-blades announced the presence of the spirited Kelly, all togged for the fray.

"Make a noise like a hurry," that worthy shouted at Ted in order to make himself heard above the din of chatter in the room. "The fair Julia is pining for a look at her hero out there, and it's almost time for our prelim practise."

"The fair Julia be hanged!" muttered Ted disgustedly. Kelly laughed.

"Go on, grouch away; but facts are facts. She gave Merriday the gate after that party." He had not emphasized the demonstrative pronoun, but Ted's self-consciousness understood it that way. He flushed with anger. He was not angry at Kelly; he knew well how foolish it was to show anger at that irrepressible gentleman. But that party! All the force in the world stressed on the word "that" would hardly suffice to represent Ted's frame of mind. He hated the very memory of it.

"By the way, Tom, did you straighten it out with Dunbar?"

"Straighten what out?" Tom thought the joke was on him.

"About that same party business! Although it took place weeks ago, he got some idea that I broke training at it. And from that he got another idea that I have never kept training." Ted busied himself in arranging the knee of his football pants over the sock and Kelly was unable to see his face.

"Where did you learn that stuff, Ted? I never heard of such a thing. Why, we were all there; Kennedy and—and Merriday, too, for that matter."

"That's just it, Tom. Merriday, too. And since that affair, you will remember that he has never played more than a quarter in any game. Your fair Julia did more than spill the beans that evening; she chucked them, can and all, into the fire; and whoever is the beans, he's due for a good burning."

"And you think you're the one, eh?" Kelly was standing, arms akimbo and forehead knotted in thought. "Well, according to everything I've heard you're going to start today at half; in fact, the whole combination is going to be there; and what's more, aren't we using a system built up around your own forward passing?"

"Maybe we are; but see here, Tom. Between the fair Julia's mushy attention and her brother's craving for news, especially news with a flavor of scandal to it, and Merriday's jealousy or something of the kind, I've got a notion that something's going to happen. He hasn't forgotten last summer. And he hasn't forgotten that confounded party. And he's on this team; and he's to play in McClellan's place at the opposite half to me. That's bad enough!"

"Forget it, my chee-ild! The burly vilyan shalt not injure thee!" laughed Kelly as he turned to greet Kennedy who had just approached. "Say, Cap.," he continued without giving Ted a chance to answer, "this bambino thinks that nobody loves him and he's wondering whether he oughtn't to get O'Rourke's permission to eat a few angleworms or something." Kelly took the precaution to stand on the far side of the captain.

"What's up, Tom? Kidding our star just before the big game? That's a fine thing to do." Kennedy meant it.

"Nothing doing; just bringing back a few pleasant memories. Ted's sentimental, you know; and this soft stuff ought to go big as a tonic before the first scrimmage musses his hair." The red hair ducked and a heavy head-gear crashed against the wall in back of it.

"Well, there isn't much time left for that," remarked Kennedy crisply. "Say, Ted, Dunbar sent me over to talk to you about that play we worked up last week; you know, the one with the passing stunt we did last summer. Canfield's line outweighs ours fifteen pounds or more to the man and Dunbar wants us to save the line as much as possible, since he hasn't many substitutes in condition to go in. After we have the game on ice, then leave the rest to us. Cronin is playing at quarter, Mike Coraza is to do the passing and the rest of the old combination will have their jobs. All set? How's your arm today?"

"O. K.," responded Ted. "So I start at halfback, do I?" Kennedy nodded. He was slightly amused at the eagerness Ted displayed.

"Why, Kennedy, that guy has been breaking training; didn't you know that?" Kelly was in the foreground once more. "He's been trotting to parties, drinking unknown or at least mysterious beveridges, eating cake and smoking all sorts of weeds like the very deuce. He's been a real wild boy." Kennedy looked wonderingly at his red-headed friend. Kelly was serious as a judge.

"So that's the idea," remarked Kennedy. "Who's been spreading junk like that, Ted?"

"Ask Dunbar, Kennedy. He made some funny remarks to me as I passed him a few minutes ago; and wherever he got the notion, I don't know; but he's convinced that that party at Redden's was my undoing, at least in a football way."

"The easy dub! Forget it, Ted, and come on; the gang's headed for the field."

What had actually occurred was simple. Redden had written up the party in garish style, as befitting a triumphal celebration of the team's first victory. But in enumerating his details, he had omitted mentioning that the players present did nothing more than dance a bit, take the light lunch provided especially for them, and hie themselves home at the hour set for retiring. And he had omitted names, all except Ted's. To judge by the account as it appeared, one would think that Collins was the lion of the evening, and had acted accordingly. Merriday had placed a copy of the paper where it would fall under the coach's eyes; and the rest had followed as a matter of course. Since Redden's account had appeared only within the past week, the coach felt unable to shift the lineup once more without wrecking his

chances of winning this game; otherwise, Collins would have been made an example to the crowd. Meanwhile Merriday had pleaded for a chance to play in this final game, alleging that it was his last year at the old school, and so on. Dunbar fell for it.

When the team lined up for signal drill preliminary to the opening of the game, the students were treated to the spectacle of Ted and Merriday playing together on the same team. It made quite an impression as the news of their summer-time encounter had been passed quietly around. Over on the side-lines, O'Rourke, sitting near his pail of water and with his towel swung over one shoulder, looked grim. He knew Merriday's kind. He hoped young Collins might not get hurt too badly whenever the mixup would come. But come, it must. That kind always "pulled something underhand."

The visitors won the toss and chose to receive. It was a beautiful colorful sight as the two teams lined up for the opening of the game. The home team in their blue jerseys, looked rather small in comparison with their opponents, but their light weight bespoke correspondingly greater speed and the impression of weakness was lost. Canfield, wearing green jerseys, looked all that the press agents had described them to be: tall, powerful, brawny, clean cut—an ideal football team. That they were not relying only on their weight was made apparent from the outset. Cleverly mixing forward passes with line drives, they slowly made their way down the field. When the heavier line began to beat down the home team's defense, Merriday and Timmons rushed up to add their support. Cronin was about to do the same, when Ted warned him.

"Look out, they are trying to draw you in so they can throw a long pass. Stick in the background." Cronin did so.

Past the middle of the field they went like a flexible steam roller. On the forty yard line, Kelly and Kennedy, working together, managed to elude their opponents and caught the man with the ball far back of his line. On the next play, Canfield was held, and again on the next. On the fourth down, the fullback went back to punt, Cronin stepping back to receive. Ted, however, suspected a ruse.

As soon as the ball was snapped, Kelly sprang in toward the man who was to punt. But he, instead of kicking, ran a few steps, then stopping suddenly, threw a long pass to the end who was now racing down the field near the side-line. For once Ted had figured correctly,

and under the speeding ball, the two players ran, as though they were running in a hundred yard dash together. Just as he saw the other's arms shoot upward to seize the ball, Ted gave a jump and reached it. It slid down his arm into his hands. Wheeling as swiftly as he could, he began a race of his own, up the field along the side-line. By this time, players from both teams were scattered all over the field, and he had comparatively easy going for a few minutes. However, as he neared the center of the field, two of the Canfield team closed in on him, trying either to tackle him or force him out of bounds. Kelly suddenly appeared from nowhere and blocked each of them in turn. There was no one left now between Ted and the goal. He could feel his heart pounding as he rushed up the field. If he could only make it! A shadow loomed up alongside of him. The shadow wore green. He tried for greater speed, but his feet felt like lead. He felt arms encircle his legs—then he hit the ground. Long afterwards, he learned that Merriday had had a chance to stop this player, but had loitered.

With the ball on Canfield's forty yard line, Cronin called for the play that was to bring them a touchdown. As they were near the side-line, he called for a shift in the opposite direction. On this play, Kelly was to evade his opposing end, get back of the Canfield line and then run parallel with the line toward the opposite side of the field. Meanwhile, Ted would receive the ball, pretend to run around Kennedy's end, behind the rest of the backfield as interference, then pass to Kelly. Absolute cooperation was essential to the success of the play. Consequently, Ted was no little surprised when he got the ball in his hands to notice that Merriday was not running close to the rest of the backfield. The result was, that a Canfield halfback worked his way through the gap left by Merriday and threw himself at Ted before he could throw. A loss of ten yards resulted. There was a groan in the stands. No one could figure just what had happened.

Again the play was called, this time on the opposite end. As it was a shift that admitted of innumerable plays, Cronin was not afraid of it being discovered. This time Kennedy was to circle the opposing team. As they were awaiting the signal, Kelly was thinking. On the instant the ball was snapped, he performed his part in blocking the opposing end, then whirled to block the halfback just in front of him. That time Ted was free. Kennedy reached up, caught the ball, and

by the time Canfield stopped him, the lost ten yards had been made up and ten more gained. With that the quarter ended.

Kelly walked over to Merriday.

"I have a word or two for you, Merriday," he said slowly. "I don't know what is in your mind, but I've got a hunch, it's not the best in the world. We would have had a score by this time if you had not spoiled Ted's chances. The bunch of us went to Communion this morning, and I'm not going to spoil it. But if you're trying to get back at Collins—well—" Kelly felt he was getting angrier each moment, so he turned on his heel and walked away.

When the next quarter opened, the Canfield players were surprised to see the same shift taking shape. This time, however, Timmons and Ted changed places. It seemed as though the ball landed straight in Ted's arms; at any rate he made the usual dash around the end. Kelly ran back of the opposing line as though to receive a pass. The other team instinctively crowded over in the supposed direction of the play. While Ted and his interference were smothered by a crowd of opponents, Timmons, who really had the ball, made his way with Coraza through the line, where he was joined by Kelly, who had stopped short in his tracks. Together they went over for a touchdown. On the try for the extra point, Kennedy dropped the ball neatly over the cross-bar. As they were proceeding back for the next kickoff, Kelly noticed that Ted's eye was discolored. Also the mark of a knuckle or a finger nail showed just below the eye. He said nothing, but somehow he could not keep his eyes off Merriday.

The rest of the half, while it was exciting to the crowds in the stands, was a series of disappointments to the team. True, the opposing eleven were prevented from crossing the goal; but their own efforts, even with the famous play, always went wrong. The half ended with the score still 7 to 0.

In the second half Canfield, reinforced with several new players, came back strong. They were surely out to win. All the energy that eleven strong, fast and heavy men could put into football playing, they inserted into the game. And when they found themselves within thirty-five yards of their objective, their fullback, dropping back, sent a beautiful drop-kick over the cross-bar. It drew a generous round of applause from the entire concourse of spectators, irrespective of their sympathies. The last quarter opened with the ball about in mid-

field. Merriday had openly spoiled several plays; one time even refusing to carry the ball. Dunbar was wild; O'Rourke from his vantage point outside the dug-out said nothing but looked very wise. The fourth down found the home team with eight yards still to make. Cronin signaled for a punt. Ted dropped back. This time the line held and he was able to get off a beautiful kick that reached the opposing fullback while he was on his own five yard line. Kelly and Kennedy had sprinted down the field under the ball, and as it fell into the other's arms, both of them crashed into him. The ball shot up into the air, but away from the goal. Kennedy in desperation almost turned a handspring backwards; at any rate, when the crowd were pulled apart, his blue-colored arms were still encircling the precious ball.

Once more Cronin called for the familiar shift. Canfield, remembering the previous touchdown, did not move with the shift, and the backfield even drew in close to the line to prevent a plunge. Cronin grinned in anticipation. Ted again started for the end, Kelly's end. Timmons, crouching low, ran straight ahead. The entire Canfield backfield gathered in to stop his rush. Kennedy meanwhile circled around his end and stood waiting back of the goal line. Merriday, as usual, had failed to stop his man, so with a green jersey flying through the air at him, Ted hurled the ball, straight and low, just over the reach of the tallest Canfield men into the waiting arms of his captain. The try for the point failed, and the game was over.

Kelly made a dash after Merriday, who was hurrying to the dressing-room. Ted spotted him and ran after him.

"Don't, Tom. Let him go. You'll only spoil a good day. We've won, and can afford to overlook the rest."

"Overlook nothing," shouted Kelly. His red hair seemed to bristle. "You ought to see your eye. Who gave you that, hey! Who made that scar on your face! There's only one fellow in this outfit with a yellow streak, and he's going to lose that in a few minutes."

"Shut up, Tom. Here comes Father Flynn." Ted held his friend securely by the arm for safety sake, and forced him to look toward where the priest was approaching across the field with Kennedy.

"Congratulations, boys. A great game and well played. I'm proud of you. Now you had better get into the showers and clean up before you catch cold. And Collins, when you are through, I would like to

see you in my office." The boys walked away; by the time they had reached the rest of the crowd at the dressing-room, a truce had been sealed, a truce of silence.

In the exultation of victory, no thought was given to the faults displayed during the game. Substitutes vied with the coach and trainer in taking care of the victorious team. In the melee, Ted and Kelly, who had remained apart from the rest, noticed that Merriday was the first to leave. They followed shortly after. When they reached the gate, they saw the halfback, now a hero, talking to Julia and Ted's sister. Kelly grunted something under his breath and quickened his pace. Virginia saw them and waved. Merriday turned at the gesture, then addressing himself to Miss Redden, spoke a few words, and the two with a parting salutation to Virginia, moved off.

"Hard luck, old man!" remarked Kelly to his chum. Ted saw he was in earnest, and began to laugh.

"Don't mention it, Tom. When I fall for that stuff again, you'll know it." The incident was closed. He left Kelly to escort Virginia home and hurried over to Father Flynn's office. Taking the stairs three at a bound, and rushing through the corridor, he was slightly winded when he reached the priest's office.

"Just like last year," laughed Father Flynn. "Football has failed to remove your impetuosity, I see. Sit down, Collins. I sent for you to tell you how pleased I am with the showing you have made, and to let you know that the reports circulated about you reached this office and were promptly put aside. False, all of them, I know. Furthermore, Ted," Father Flynn's face became grave as he spoke, "I was in the stands this afternoon, and I saw clearly the action that gave you the damaged eye. I waited to see what would result. I saw Kelly start for the lad who did the deed. I saw you restrain him. Was there anything said about it in the dressing-room?"

"Nothing, Father. Everybody, except Kelly and myself, thought it an accident, and Kelly only suspected on general principles."

"Then, Ted, congratulations again. You won more than that game. Shake!"

When Ted reached home, Kelly was leaving. He heard Virginia accept an invitation to the Annual Banquet given in honor of the team. He grinned. The football season was over.

[THE END.]

Catholic Anecdotes

THE HOLY FACE AND SINNERS

The effect of our Saviour's look upon the Apostle St. Peter, furnishes an excellent example of the virtue of the Holy Face in touching souls. The sight of that Sorrowful Face, the light of those sad, tender eyes, that gaze of gentle reproach, compassion and love, pierced the apostle's heart and filled him with shame and repentance.

St. Vincent de Paul once sought vainly to convert a sinner. At length, handing a picture of the Holy Face to the dissolute youth, he said: "I entreat you to look at this picture for one moment every evening before you retire."

"Is that all?" interrupted the young man, laughing.

"Nothing more; that will suffice," replied Vincent de Paul with an earnest smile, and the saint and the sinner parted.

The first night the sinner laid the Image aside unmoved. The second night it seemed more pitiable. Soon he found it tedious always to look at the same picture, but continued to do so eight, ten, twelve days, because he had promised St. Vincent. On the thirteenth day, changed and contrite, he sought the saint, and exclaimed: "I wish to go to confession. I can bear it no longer! The countenance of my Saviour, streaming with Blood and tears, reproaches me too bitterly! I will return to God and make my peace with Him." And he remained true to his resolution.

THE LAST BIT OF SLAVERY

In a letter written to J. G. Snead-Cox, Cardinal Vaughn gives the following glimpse of his childhood home and the influences that ruled there:

"It was not our mother's practice to bring us any dainty from the dinner-table. We were never allowed to go down to dessert, our father thinking it might encourage greediness or undue fondness of food. We dined at our parents' lunch and then were allowed to take what we liked. I remember one day being offered some dish which

I rejected with the incautious remark, 'Thank you, Father, I don't fancy it.' Should I live to the age of Methuselah I shall not forget how he turned upon me and in solemn voice said, 'I do not wish any of my boys to indulge in fancies about food; fancies are the privilege of your sisters.'

"On another occasion, when I had shown over-much relish for some dish, my father reminded me that it was a poor thing to be a slave to any appetite or practice. Blushing to the roots of my hair, I ventured to retaliate, saying, "Well, Father, how is it that the snuff-box is brought to you every day at the end of dinner?—you always take out a big pinch." For a moment he was silent, and then made me fetch the box, and while in the act of tossing it into the fire he said, 'There goes the box, and that is the end of that bit of slavery.'"

UNNOTICED GRACES

In the life of Blessed Soeur Therese we find a beautiful reflection on God's goodness to her. She saw how free from certain temptations her life was, in comparison with the life of others. It led her to say:

"I know well that Jesus saw I was too weak to be exposed to temptation, for without doubt had my eyes been dazzled by the deceitful light of creatures, I should have been utterly lost."

Her gratitude she expresses in these words:

"Let us suppose that a son of a very clever doctor, stumbling over a stone on the road, falls and breaks his leg. His father hastens to his aid, and binds up the fractured limb with all the skill at his command. When cured, the son shows the utmost gratitude—and with reason.

"Suppose, on the other hand, that the father, knowing that a large stone lies in his son's path, anticipates the danger, and, unseen by anyone, hastens to remove it. Unconscious of the accident from which such tender foresight has saved him, the son will not show any mark of gratitude for it, or feel the same love for his father as he would have done had he been cured of some grievous wound.

"But if he came to learn the truth, would he not love his father all the more?"

How many are the troubles, the difficulties, the temptations from which God has saved us!

Pointed Paragraphs

THE FALL OF THE LEAF

Autumn has probably as many admirers as Spring. It is the season of accomplishment. The fruits of the field gathered in from bush and tree—from furrow and hillock—the harvest gold of the grain and the royal colors of apple and pear and plum—the fields once more prepared for the blanket of snow—and tools and implements stored away in the barns—all speak of the labor done and the returns won.

But Autumn has other lessons for those who read his flaming books in tree, in bush and hedge row.

Too fleet, too fleet

Are borne on flying hours;

Life's largess of bright flowers,

Joy, youth and all things sweet.

As the summer glory goes up in flames of autumn, so all things of earth must pass away. They cannot satisfy; our heart is set on everlasting things.

THE USES OF DRUDGERY

We hear a great deal about drudgery, routine work requiring little mental attention. It is supposed to sap one's intelligence and energies.

But is it not to a great extent a question of attitude? Drudgery enters every occupation or pursuit—the office job as well as the mechanician's, the scientist's work as well as the housewife's.

According to a teacher, two things determine our attitude toward our drudgery work and make it drudgery or not. These are the worker's attitude toward his drudgery and the use of one's leisure time.

"If the worker has an understanding of the purpose of his drudgery," she says, "and what is to come of it, then the drudgery itself becomes endurable for the sake of the end to be attained."

In this regard, our Catholic teaching of the good intention opens up a source of interest that can be stronger than any intellectual or monetary interest.

The influence of the second factor—the use of leisure time—can also be immensely strengthened by adding to the esthetic and productive interests, the religious interests that have far deeper bearing on character and will formation—such as prayer, spiritual reading, especially the lives of the Saints, and attending devotions in the Church.

UNTIL THE LAST FARTHING

The thought of purgatory is one of the most salutary for every serious-minded Christian.

It inspires us with a clear knowledge and hatred of venial sin.

Cardinal Newman describes what it means. "The Church holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail and all the many millions in it to die of starvation in extremest agony (as far as temporal affliction goes), than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin."

But unfortunately we do not realize it; perhaps we cannot. But when God talks in terms of justice and reveals to us the punishment that His Sanctity must demand for it, we can better understand it.

From St. Catherine of Genoa's description of purgatory we might gain a partial idea of the punishment due to venial sin.

"There are no gates to Paradise. All the doors are open, and, as far as God is concerned, those who wish to enter, enter there, for God is all mercy and stands before us with open arms extended toward us, to receive us into His glory. But I see well likewise that the Divine Being is of such great and unimaginable purity that the soul, which has the very slightest stain of imperfection, would rather fling itself headlong into a thousand hells than present itself with that stain upon it, before the divine Majesty.

"And that is why the soul, seeing that purgatory has been appointed by God to cleanse it from all stains, casts itself into it, and accounts it a great mercy to be thus able to remove them.

"No tongue can tell, nor mind conceive, what purgatory really imports. Nevertheless the soul, which perceives the very least blemish, accepts the pain as a mercy, and counts the suffering as nothing, when compared to that bar which sunders it from its love. And it seems to me that the greatest pain endured by the souls in purgatory, arises

from this seeing in themselves something displeasing to God, and committed willingly against such goodness as His.

"And the reason is this: Being in a state of grace, these souls know the truth, and realize the grievousness of the hindrance which impedes their approach to God."

A real idea of venial sin will be a source of security for our salvation and a valuable aid toward character development.

THANKSGIVING

After the battle of Chancellorsville, in which General Stonewall Jackson had shown remarkable bravery and wisdom, General Lee sent him a message of praise. Stonewall Jackson listened to the reading of it and replied:

"General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

It is the great man that realizes his own weakness and his dependence on God in all things. The greatest mysteries are hidden in the insignificant things of nature—in the microscopic world. But we do not recognize them because of their apparent smallness.

So in our own lives—we take so much for granted—the miracles of God's goodness in all we have and all that happens to us. Take stock of your "little blessings" this thanksgiving season and with a full heart, "give the praise to God."

EDUCATION WEEK

In a recent proclamation President Coolidge recommends the observance of the week beginning with Nov. 18 as Education Week.

The purpose of it is to secure a more liberal support and more effective improvement of our educational facilities.

"Every American citizen," he declares, "is entitled to a liberal education. Without this there is no guarantee for the permanency of free institutions, no hope of perpetuating self-government."

We Catholics should take note of this proclamation and go heart and soul into the observance of Education Week. It ought to be our purpose to arouse a more liberal support of our Catholic educational institutions—the school, the Academy, the College, the University.

Every citizen, Catholic in faith, is entitled to a liberal education in a Catholic School.

You will deepen the conviction in your own mind and in the minds of others by doing something for Catholic education.

LEARNING TO MEDITATE

Meditation is often looked upon as difficult and therefore meant only for those advanced in the ways of Sainthood. It is so beneficial, however, that we would like to see this idea driven out as a "traditional prejudice," a downright blunder.

St. Theresa, in her life, gives us just a little hint that is to the point. She says:

"For many years it was my custom at night, before going to sleep, when I recommended myself to God, to think of the Agony and Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden. This I did even before I entered the convent, because I heard that many indulgences were attached to this practice. I believe I derived great profit from this practice. In this way, I began to practice interior prayer or meditation, without realizing it, without knowing what meditation is."

THE GREATER NEED

"The will to win" is lauded in many books nowadays as one of the greatest factors in attaining success. We all recognize the value of will in everyday affairs.

"Peace will come," said the Commander of the American Legion recently, "when the people of the world *will* to have peace, and express that will and real desire in a solemn declaration and covenant sealed with good faith and honor."

The will to have peace! That is what must be learned by the world. But only true Christian principles put into practice will teach that. "A covenant sealed with good faith and honor!" Without religion, lasting good faith and honor will be impossible.

No life is a failure which is lived for God and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end.—*Faber*.

Our Lady's Page

The Story of the Miraculous Picture

(CONTINUED)

When Father Blosi preached his sermon in 1855 he probably did not realize what the outcome would be.

The sermon had this effect, that it aroused in the Redemptorist Fathers the desire to have this picture and bring it to honor in the church of St. Alphonsus. They considered that they had a special claim to it, since their church stood upon the place once designated, between St. Mary Major's and St. John Lateran's, and on the very site of the old church of St. Matthew. The Superior General, therefore, approached Pope Pius IX on the subject, and the Holy Father, himself a devout client of Our Lady, at once issued an order to have the picture given to the Fathers.

They at once went to get it. Michael Marchi, now Father Marchi, found the picture in the place where it had often been shown him by the old lay brother back in 1840. The prior of the Augustinian Monastery turned it over to the Fathers and it was brought to St. Alphonsus.

HER THRONE OF MERCY.

It was in January, 1866, that the image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was brought to St. Alphonsus. In April of that year the public veneration of the picture was inaugurated with a solemn procession and triduum. The Holy Father himself came shortly after to St. Alphonsus to venerate the picture. And from that day on Our Lady has held her throne above the high altar of the church.

Each year has seen new and greater favors granted. The enthusiasm which inflamed the hearts of the people of Rome has increased with time. Visitors to the Holy City became acquainted with Our Lady of Perpetual Help and carried the devotion into their home lands. While, wherever the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer spread, the Fathers made the devotion known among their people. So that today, in every part of the world, we can find copies of the miraculous image in numberless churches and around them cluster devout clients of Mary.

Catholic Events

The interest taken by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI in science and things scientific was shown in a striking manner recently when Father William Schmidt, S.V.D., ethnological expert and editor of the scientific periodical "Anthropos" was summoned for an audience. Learning that the magazine and also the expeditions in scientific research were badly hampered for lack of funds, His Holiness asked an estimate and then gave double the amount,—50,000 lire. He blessed such work done in the name of science and religion. The missionaries are studying the history, traditions, customs, etc., of remote tribes for the purpose of training other missionaries to better cope with the obstacles to the spread of the true religion.

* * *

Italian newspapers are printing with indignant comment the article written by Foreign Director Kalardi Jian of the Y. M. C. A., which accuses the Pope of having instigated the Italian bombardment of Corfu because of envy of the growing importance of the Greek patriarch. Mussolini, interviewed by the Echo de Paris, reiterated the good relations existing between the government and the Holy See; but stated that it was by way of recognizing it as the center of a great moral force, to ignore which would be folly.

* * *

Irish Catholics are rejoicing over the action of the Pope in conferring on the Bishop of Bobbio and his successors the title of "Abbot of St. Columbanus." At the recent celebration, President Cosgrave and a number of cabinet ministers were present. The Columbanus celebrations have caused the press of France, Germany and Italy to comment on the great number of Irish Saints whose names are associated with famous monasteries, churches and schools all over Europe.

* * *

Addressing the Assembly of the League of Nations on the event of Ireland's entry into the league, President Cosgrave reminded the members of the significance of the Columbanus celebrations, and said that what Ireland of that day did through her missionaries, the Ireland of today wished to do also,—to work for the abolition of war, the permanence of peace, the spread of culture, human freedom and toleration.

* * *

Sixty-four prelates, members of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States gathered for their annual meeting at the Catholic University in Washington. Important and encouraging reports were made on the work of all departments of the N. C. W. C. One important and timely resolution passed at the convention regards a question that has been growing more and more vexatious daily. This was the

resolution condemning the methods used by some agencies and solicitors in seeking subscribers for Catholic periodicals. And the only practical advice available under the circumstances was given clearly: "all the faithful are instructed never to subscribe to any such projects or buy such periodicals, unless a clear announcement be made in the Church, authorizing such agents." The name of the Council has been changed to the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

* * *

At the third annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, held in Washington early in October, discussion of important problems of civic and social welfare was the feature. A central bureau is to be organized to direct a national program for girls' welfare. On the second day of the convention, the assembly was addressed by Secretary Hoover. The next convention will be held in St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Another convention of note took place at Ottawa, Canada, late in September. It was the third annual gathering of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada. Large numbers of the clergy and laity were in attendance. The eminent scientist, Sir Berthram Windle was unanimously elected President.

* * *

"El Boletin Catholico" from Cebu, Philippine Islands, gives the full text of a proclamation sent out by the hierarchy there against the "Legionarios del Trabajo," a secret labor fraternity which is declared to be spreading rapidly through the Philippines. Catholics are forbidden to join under pain of excommunication.

* * *

The most important result of the International Congress of Youth's organizations at Innsbruck, was the plan to establish a World's Catholic Youth's Federation. Federations of Catholic Youths in thirty-six countries of Europe and America have signified their willingness to cooperate. In the United States, interest in the welfare of young men will be promoted in practical ways at an informal conference to be held at Cincinnati. The primary purpose of this conference, however, is to form plans to offset the influence being exerted by non-Catholic social institutions among our Catholic youth. It is estimated that fully 150,000 Catholic young men belong to the Y. M. C. A.!

* * *

From an humble beginning in 1921, the Redemptorist missions among the Mexicans in Texas have made great progress. Then, a community of six Fathers took charge of seven parishes scattered over a territory covering about 500 square miles. Now, a community of nine Fathers ministers to 15 parishes, including three of the historic old "Missions" scattered over a territory of about 8,000 square miles. About nine or ten thousand Mexicans are residents of this district.

* * *

One of the chief features in this missionary work among the Mexicans, and one of the most attractive in their minds, is the devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The Archconfraternity has been established in St. Gerard's Church, San Antonio, and it is expected that

all the other parishes will soon be affiliated with it. Services in honor of Our Lady are held on the third Sunday of the month. Crowds attend from all the neighboring Spanish-speaking parishes. With Our Lady's help and guidance, missionary effort in behalf of our Mexican brethren is bound to succeed,—in spite of Klan or proslavery.

* * *

Twenty young missionaries, including three priests and one brother of the American Foreign Mission Society, eight Maryknoll Sisters, six Sisters of Loretto and two Sisters of St. Mary's of the Woods, sailed for China during the past month. About the same time, five young Holy Ghost Missionaries set sail for the African missions.

* * *

Gen. Leonard Wood in a letter to Bishop O'Doherty officially praised the labors of the Belgian Foreign Mission Society among the head-hunting Igorote tribes of northern Luzon. The praise resulted from a report sent in by Col. F. R. McCoy who had been on a tour of inspection. The Belgian Missionaries have established 15 missions and have converted 13,000 savages since they began their work in 1907.

* * *

South America is prepared to extend a royal welcome to His Eminence, Cardinal Benbloch y Vivo, who will attend the centennial celebration of the independence of Chile as the special representative of King Alfonso. It is the first time a Spanish Prince of the Church has visited South America in centuries, and no effort is being spared to make the event memorable. His Holiness, Pope Pius XI has entrusted some special missions to the Cardinal and consequently he will be received as an envoy of the Holy See. He will visit other countries in South America when the celebration in Chile is finished.

* * *

Ten divorces to seventy-six marriages in the United States is the appalling record for the past year. Across the sea comes the refreshing news that Ireland has had no divorces granted at all. In fact it is problematical whether a divorce can be granted under Irish law as it stands. May it so continue to stand.

* * *

At the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Wisconsin Conference of the Catholic Hospital Association, held at Spring Bank, Wis., Sister M. Florentine, of St. Mary's Hospital, Madison, was elected President for the coming year. Practical problems in hospital work were thoroughly discussed. The meeting was replete with instruction as well as interest for those who were fortunate enough to attend.

* * *

The Catholic Hierarchy, according to the *Annuario Pontificio* for 1923, consists of 65 Cardinals, 8 Patriarchs, 335 Archbishops, 1,354 Bishops of whom 480 are titular bishops, 18 Delegates Apostolic, 191 Vicars Apostolic, 68 Apostolic Prefects. All these belong to the Latin Rite. The different Oriental Rites have 6 Patriarchs, 22 Archbishops, 49 Bishops and 6 Vicars Apostolic. Eight countries now have ambassadors at the Vatican and twenty-five nations are represented diplomatically.

THE
Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Is it a sin to play cards for money?

Playing cards for money is not necessarily wrong. If there is only a small amount of money at stake and all parties to the game can spare the amount, if they lose the game, there is no sin committed. But playing cards for money is liable to abuse. Money may be staked of which the card-player has not the free disposal or there may be risked more money than they can afford to lose: if such is the case, sin is committed, more or less serious in proportion to the amount involved.

I saw on an altar a wood-engraving of a large bird with outstretched wings, surrounded by four little birds: the large bird seems to be feeding the little birds with its own blood from an opening in its breast. What kind of bird is that and why is it placed on the altar?

You are most likely referring to the pelican, which according to legend feeds its young with its own blood. The pelican is used in Christian art as a symbol, an emblem of our Divine Redeemer, who shed his blood for us.

It is also used as a symbol of the Blessed Eucharist, in which our Lord nourishes our souls with His Body and Blood, and accordingly this symbol is most fittingly used as an ornamental detail upon our altars.

Would you please tell me where the convents of the "strictly cloistered" nuns are located in New York City?

The convent of the Poor Clares is located at 328 Haven Ave. between 180th and 181st St., and the convent of the Carmelites at 300 Gun Hill Road, Bronx.

If a godmother or a godfather says some prayers wrong or omits some prayers or does not answer all the questions of the priest: is the child baptized?

Certainly, the child is baptized. The validity of the baptism does not depend upon the actions of the godfather or godmother.

Why is the ring placed in a little plate before the groom puts it on the finger of the bride and what does the priest say after this?

The ring in a Catholic marriage ceremony receives a special blessing of the Church. Whilst this blessing is being given by the priest, in some churches the ring is placed upon a small glass or golden plate, in other churches it is merely held in the hand or in a flower.

After the ring has been blessed, the groom places it upon the third finger of the bride's left hand, saying at the same time: "With this ring, I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth."

After this, the priest says several other prayers in Latin, including the "Our Father" and concludes with a special prayer asking God's protection upon those who have been joined in matrimony.

A Catholic friend of mine told me the other day that it was no sin to omit prayers before and after meals. Is that true?

There is no precept commanding prayers to be said before and after meals, but no good Catholic would omit these prayers on this account. The practice of asking God's blessing on our food before eating and thanking Him after meals for the blessings He has bestowed upon us, is a practice handed down through the centuries from the very beginning of the Church. Hence it would not be right to deviate from this ancient custom merely through indifference, carelessness or sloth, although no particular precept is thereby violated. Meal-prayers at the family-table of a Catholic household should never be omitted.

Could you tell me how the beads of the Blessed Sacrament are recited?

A spiritual Communion is first made, then for each of the thirty-three beads is said the aspiration: "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us." For each of these aspirations an indulgence of 300 days is granted.

Some Good Books

Father Tim's Talks with People He Met. Vol. IV. By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R. Published by Benziger, St. Louis. Price \$1.00.

Here is Father Tim for the fourth time. Always the same old Father Tim—full of kindly humor, deep faith, and as deep and all pervading common sense. Many a question is solved in his illuminating way—many a puzzling difficulty is made clear. Deep lessons are taught in all kindness, laying bare human frailties and showing a way out of them.

And we don't have to listen to a sermon—that is the most soothing part of it all. Our pardonable vanity isn't touched in the least. We can sit and enjoy the discomfiture of others and learn from others' mistakes instead of the harder way of learning from our own.

Every story in the book is charming—alive with interest—alive with scenes from daily life that we see without observing. But Father Tim observes. God bless Father Tim. You must get to know him—because everybody is "just wild" about him.

Father Tim's talks are the most popular books on the market. Give them to your friends for a present and you will give them the greatest treat they have ever had.

Everybody's Prayer-Book. By Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S. T. L. Published by Blase Benziger & Co., New York. Price, cloth, red edges, 60 cents; imitation leather, gold edges, 85 cents; real leather, gold edges, \$1.25.

The author has not labored under any delusion. He was fully conscious when making up this prayerbook that there are numerous prayerbooks on the market, and that many of them have endeared themselves to the faithful—adapted as each is to some particular class or need or mood. He meant to make this prayerbook something different while meeting a special need.

It is a prayerbook for all—children and adults—for the ordinary occasions of devotion only. This has enabled

him to put it in 47 pages. As is clear, the first necessity of such an aim was a judicious selection. He has succeeded very well.

I am especially pleased with the print. The form of the book may seem odd to some; but on account of its thinness it will easily fit into one's pocket.

Prayers—like almost anything—may become monotonous. You may get into a rut. Have a second prayerbook to fall back on at such times to bring new inspiration. Get this one.

In the Wilds of the Canyon. By H. S. Spalding, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, postpaid \$1.10.

When next the little lad asks for a book to read, try him with "In the Wilds of the Canyon."

It is Father Spalding's latest—he has ten others to his credit—the first of which was our delight in our young days.

Of course there are boys and may be girls, who go dreaming and moping around and don't know what to do with themselves. They never heard of the enchanting list of books that begins with "The Cave by the Beech Fork" and ends with "In the Wilds of the Canyon."

Adventure—and what boy is not an adventurer—and love blend charmingly in these pages, and pervading it all is a very warming and satisfying atmosphere of faith.

Catholic Home Annual, 1924. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, 25 cents. Postpaid, 30 cents.

The Home Annual is prepared to be a book for all year—with its monthly calendar of Saints and feasts and its columns for memoranda. What a useful and interesting thing it might be if made good use of.

But there is only one fear. It is so full of the most interesting articles, charming stories by all our favorite authors, and so rich in pictures of splendid workmanship, that it will be used too much to last all year.

Lucid Intervals

A correspondent sends this extract from "Jürgen": "Indeed it is a sad thing, Sylvia, to be murdered by the hand which, so to speak, is sworn to keep an eye on your welfare and which rightfully should serve you on its knees."

Two Irishmen who had not met for years ran across each other.

"Long time since we met, Clancy, isn't it? Great things happened since then," said the first.

"Yes, indeed. Look at myself. Shure it's married I am," replied Clancy.

"You don't tell me? Have you any family?" asked O'Grady.

"Faith and I have that. I've a fine healthy boy, and the neighbors says he's the picture of me."

O'Grady looked at Clancy, who wasn't built on the lines of a prize beauty.

"Ah, well, what's the harm so long as the child's healthy."

Her—"Don't you think Gorma Nish is just thrilling in 'Wild Oats'?"

Him—"Yeh. That's her best cereal."

"Jack," she asked, "was there a girl in France who was sorry to see you go?"

The moon was full, the Summer night was balmy, the hammock was built for two, and it seemed a shame to break it all up.

"I'd rather you didn't ask me that question, dear," he said.

"But I must know. We're engaged and you should tell me everything," she insisted.

"Dear, I don't like to talk about it—"

"Then you did love her. You did, you did, you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did, or you'd tell me all about her."

"I didn't, I say."

"Yes, you did. O, Jack, how could you when all the time you were engaged to me!"

"Listen a minute and I'll give you the whole story," he said in desperation. "She was—"

"Well?"

"She was my laundress. I owed her 12 francs."

It was a raw, cold morning, but Pat stood outside his cottage in his shirt sleeves as he shaved himself.

Presently his landlord came along and stood watching him in surprise.

"Do you always shave outside?" he asked in curious amazement.

"Of course!" answered Pat, indignantly. "Do you think I'm fur lined?"

Joe—Bill, what's a cosmopolitan?

Bill—Well, suppose you was a Russian Jew livin' in America and married to a Chinese woman, and you had just finished an Irish stew and you was smokin' a Turkish cigaret, while a Negro band outside was playing "The Blue Bells of Scotland," then you'd be a cosmopolitan.

A Hebrew visited the headquarters of a certain Ku Klux Klan organization. Before he could speak the attendant remarked: "Sorry, but the K. K. K. can't take your application."

"Vy not?"

"It doesn't admit Jews."

"Oy," said the visitor, "I only vant to apply for de contract to furnish you people mit nightshirts."

He was working in his garden, while his wife lay in bed with a cough. While he was hammering nails into wood, his neighbor looked over the fence.

"How's the wife?" he asked.

"Not well."

"Is that her coughin'?"

"No! It's a new hen-house, you fool."

First Doctor—I don't favor this safety first movement at all.

Second Doctor—Neither do I. It looks to me like a combination in restraint of trade.